July 6, 1988

Dear Mom,

Got your message on my phone machine last week but since my phone bill was $70.00 for last month, I thought I'd better communicate on paper for a while. I've been planning to write to you for several weeks anyhow. It seems that there is always something demanding my time and energy. And my energy level has been very low since that long road trip.

The return trip to San Diego was very smooth, pleasant, and without problems. The weather was great most of the way. I spent a full day hiking and driving around Zion National Park in southern Utah. As you can see from the enclosed pictures, it is very striking country.

I only had ten days from the time I returned to San Diego until I had to have everything ready for the Archives contingent in the Gay/Lesbian Pride Parade. That meant recruiting people to march and carry our banner and flags, locating an antique car and someone to drive it in the parade, and getting all the balloons and decorations assembled. I also was in charge of preparing a major part of the Archives display that we were presenting at the festival. In addition to that, I had to find people to staff the display booth and our cotton candy booth at the festival for the two days of the celebration. I had done as much of that work as possible before leaving San Diego to go to Baltimore, but there was still much to be done upon my return. It all worked out quite well--everything got taken care of and in grand style.

It was pretty important to make a good show for the Archives because it was our first major exposure to the public. We wanted to make a favorable impression as a stable and worthwhile organization that is providing a valuable educational service to the gay/lesbian community because we will be doing some heavy duty fund raising from here on. And of course, image is all-important when it comes to getting people to part with their dollars. It made me feel very good that the thousands who lined the parade route cheered the Archives marching contingent wildly. And several thousand folks also came to visit our display over the two days of the festival and were very complimentary.

That was a very taxing weekend for me because I had guests in from Los Angeles (among them a man a woman whom I had met in Washington last October during the civil disobedience at the Supreme Court) who had come down to San Diego especially to see me ride in the parade and receive my award. (I had been selected as "Mr. Inspiration '88" and rode in a specially marked car in the parade along with "Ms. Inspiration '88.) Anyhow, because George was coming down for the weekend anyway, I asked him to be my date at San Diego's first-ever Pride Prom. What a time we had! It was done just like a high school prom--a 15 piece swing band that sounded just like the old Glen Miller band, and everybody dressed to the nines in their formals, and all same-sex couples. For us "oldtimers" it was that prom we always wished we could have had. George and I were resplendent in our matching tuxedos with lavender bow ties, cummerbunds, and boutenniers. We made the front page of the San Diego Gay Times (copy enclosed). That was Friday night; the parade and festival were on Saturday, and the festival ran all day Sunday 10 AM to 11 PM. So by the time I saw my guests off and broke down the last part of the display late Sunday night, I was floored. It took more than a week to recover.

Since then it hasn't taken very much to get me extremely fatigued and it seems to take a long time to recover. I went to see my doctor yesterday and had some blood drawn to see if we can find anything specific that could be causing the profound fatigue. Otherwise, I'm doing quite well. Without exception people say I look great. I've also made appointments for CAT scan of my abdomen and pelvis (follow up for that testicular cancer that I had in November), with a dermatologist for some of my chronic skin problems, and a dental appointment for a cleaning and general check up. So if I didn't do anything else this month, I'd be busy.

Of course, there <u>is</u> something else. By now you've probably received an invitation/announcement for the birthday party that Gary, Nicole, and Barbara are producing as a salute to me and as a benefit for the Archives. Though my friends are producing the event, there is still plenty for me to do, as a couple local newspapers are doing feature stories on me and the Archives in connection with the event and that means photo sessions and interviews. Anyhow, it's all very exciting. I'll let you know how it turns out.

Did you get to see the AIDS Memorial Quilt when it was in Baltimore? I sure hope so. I'm eager to hear your reaction.

I've been noticing on the news that your weather has really had its extremes of temperature. You can have it. It's been great here, mostly in the seventies, with very little of the June gloom that we usually have.

I think of you often and wonder how you are doing. Margaret told Pat that you had had a barium enema. That sounds lousy. I know that that is a very uncomfortable procedure. Was it just routine or were you having a specific problem? Write when you are able.

Hope you had a pleasant Independence Day. I spent the afternoon with Pat and Matt as usual, but didn't walk up the hill to see the fireworks because I was just too tired.

Guess I'd better pack this all into an envelope and get off to the post office before I miss another day.

Love,

Bob